O teach me how to make mine owne excuſe,
Or (at the leaſt) this refuge let me finde,
Though my groſſe bloud be ſtaind with this abuſe,
Immaculate, and ſpotleſſe is my mind,
That was not forc'd, that neuer was inclind
To acceſſarie yeeldings, but ſtill pure
Doth in her poyſon'd cloſet yet endure.

Lo heare the hopeleſſe Marchant of this loſſe,
VVith head declin'd, and voice dam'd vp with wo,
VVith ſad ſet eyes and wretched armes acroſſe,
From lips new waxen pale, begins to blow
The griefe away, that ſtops his anſwer ſo.
But wretched as he is he ſtriues in vaine,
VVhat he breaths out, his breath drinks vp again.

As through an Arch, the violent roaring tide,
Outruns the eye that doth behold his haſt:
Yet in the Edie boundeth in his pride,
Backe to the ſtrait that forſt him on ſo faſt:
In rage ſent out, recald in rage being paſt,
Euen ſo his ſighes, his ſorrowes make a ſaw,
To puſh griefe on, and back the ſame grief draw.

VVhich